

Not
Room
Enough
Here

To give
a fair
idea of
the attractions
of
To-Morrow's
Sunday
World
Order it
To-Day.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION. ALL MUST CLOSE.

Two Notorious Bowery Dens Where

Vice Is Still Supreme.

In the Public Service "The Evening World" Exposes Them.

Where "Doped" Drinks Enable Thieves to Pluck the Unwary.

These and Several Similar Resorts May Lose Their Saloon Licenses on Monday.

NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

(A Table Subject to Daily Change.)

BILLY MCGILVER. In the Penitentiary.

TOM GOULD. Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

CAREY WELCH. Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

AUGUST GUDON. Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

FRANK STEVENSON. In hiding, Dive Closed for Good.

MANAGER DAVIN. Indicted, Dive Closed for Good.

LOUIS WALTHERS. Indicted, Dive Closed.

JOHN KELLY. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

THOMAS MCCORMICK. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

DANIEL SCRIBNER. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

J. H. McILVER. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

PAUL MCCARTHY. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

JOHN J. McALEER. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

CHARLES SMITH. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

JIM SULLIVAN. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

JOHN J. MURPHY. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

KEEPEE OF THE LENOX. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

IGNATZ BUTTNER. Indicted, Dive Annex Closed.

LOUIS STAJER. Indicted, Dive Wide Open.

IGNATZ BUTTNER. Indicted, Dive Wide Open.

To persons whose business or pleasure takes them through the districts that have for so long a time been infested with dives, the good results of the crusade conducted against the outlaws of New York by *The Evening World* are ocularly demonstrable.

Their modesty is no longer shocked by the open display of lawlessness that formerly obtained in the vicinity of the dives; they are no longer accosted by the female partners of badger-game workers and thugs, and their sense of propriety is no longer assailed by the words of ruffian songs shouted for the delectation of the patrons of assignation annexes to certain saloons.

The attention of those whose callings are far removed from the dive-ridden districts is invited to the table at the head of this column, which briefly summarizes the work of *The Evening World*, undertaken in the public service.

But all of the dives are not yet closed. Two notorious resorts, the class of people who frequent them and the practices which obtain there are described today. There are still others of the same sort to be ferreted out and investigated.

The battle will not be over until all the outlaws have gone.

ANOTHER SHUTS UP SHOP.

Most of the Dive-Keepers Have Had Reform Thrust Upon Them.

Another of New York's outlaws has succumbed to the *Evening World's* anti-dive crusade and joined the small army of retired dive-keepers.

It is Louis Walters, of 285 Bowery, who was indicted Tuesday for keeping a disorderly house, since which time he has been quietly running his bar alone, excluding all females from the stuffy little assignation annex separated from the barroom only by swinging doors and a half-partition.

Early last evening Walters' den was closed altogether. The shades were drawn and there was a single gas jet burning inside. Many of the old frequenters concluded that Mr. Walters had determined to brave it out and do business "on the dead quiet," admitting to his den only those upon whose secretiveness he knew he could depend.

These persons were mistaken. There was no one in the place but Mr. Walters, his employees and one or two intimate friends, who held a solemn convocation and decided that the best thing to do for the present was to "lay low."

There were frequent callers at the dive, but all attempts on the part of the habitués to gain an entrance were vain. All comers were met at the family entrance by a young man who announced: "All closed, gentlemen," and then promptly slammed the door in the faces of the would-be patrons.

At 10 o'clock Walters and his minions locked and bolted the dive after having lowered the curtains so as to show the deserted interior.

By his action last night Mr. Walters is almost entitled to a place in *The Evening World's* table alongside the outlaws of New York who have permanently closed their doors. Those already included in this list are Billy McGilver, Mr. Tom Gould, Mr. Carey Welch, Mr. Frank Stevenson, Mr. Alfred

Davis and Mr. August Gudon. All their dens were tightly closed as usual last night and not the least sign of illicit activity was visible in any of them.

Mr. Davis had the shades partly drawn in his Excise Exchange at 200 Bowery last night, so that pedestrians could not look in and make cruel remarks concerning the big bouquet on his bar. It was easy to see, however, that the place was unoccupied.

The closure of outlaws who have been renting on their oars and "awaiting developments" continued their tactics last night. They are Mr. Daniel Scriven, of the Pickwick, on Broadway, near Thirty-sixth street; Mr. Tom McCormick and "Honest" John Kelly, of Sixth avenue, near Thirty-second street; Mr. John Wulfer, of 72 University place; Mr. Jim Sullivan, of 78 Third avenue; Mr. Simon Buttner, of 304 Bowery; Mr. Paul McGilver, of 327 Bowery; Mr. John J. McAleer, of 200 Bowery; the proprietor of the Lenox at 271 Bowery; Mr. John H. Murphy, of 255 Bowery; Mr. John J. Murphy, of 24 Bond street; Mr. Charles Smith, of 197 Bowery, and Mr. Frank Stevenson, West Third and Sullivan streets.

At the request of the Board of Excise the police have been quietly investigating these and other resorts and are to make their reports to the Board of Excise Monday, when

follow. Once in the place the "suckers," as they are termed, are induced to pay ridiculously extravagant prices for the vile beverages, are sometimes pined with drugs and deliberately robbed.

Some of these females, it is known—and it is easy to distinguish them—are admitted to the more respectable concert gardens, where no woman can enter without an escort. If one does slip in by chance, the first sign of crooked work on her part involves her immediate expulsion from the place.

But not so at Buttner's and Stajer's. The presence of decent women is not desired there, but the abandoned and depraved are eagerly welcomed and in many cases paid a percentage on the drinks they induce their victims to buy.

One or two instances of fact will suffice to show plainly the character of these resorts.

HOW THE UNWARY ARE TREATED.

A night of two ago a young man, apparently under the influence of liquor, staggered into Stajer's, with a difficulty made his way to the middle of the room. It was real difficulty, too, for the den was jammed with the usual crowd of drunken men and women and with crooks waiting for a chance to "make a raise."

An "orchestra," with blare, brass and bluster predominant, was executing "Maggie

Murphy's Home" as the young man dropped into the first vacant chair he could find. No sooner had he sat down than a white-aproned waiter was leaning into his face with the demand:

"What'll it be?"

"Whiskey!" was the sententious reply.

"Don't—keep it—wait—it'll be—"

The young man's "small beer" came in a whiskey-glass. It was only five cents.

The young man's "small beer" also came in a whiskey-glass. It cost 25 cents.

"Let's take beer next time," he suggested, with apparent desire to save the young man's money—for himself, probably—his "clerk." Here, Billy, a bottle of beer and two glasses.

MADE A GRAB AT HIS MONEY.

The bottle, which held two ordinary glasses of beer, cost 25 cents, and was scarcely emptied before the young woman ordered another.

In payment for one bottle the young man tendered a dollar bill. She grabbed it, saying "That's mine." The waiter offered no objection, the probably "stood in," but the young man did.

The young man gave up the bill very reluctantly in exchange for a quarter, which she kissed and secured.

The young man then wanted to go, as the numbers of late takers, and the place was becoming so crowded that he and his companion were suffocating, but the young woman clung to him with well-feigned affection, and begged him, if he must go, to take her with him.

The young man was only one of many that were treated in just the same manner during the evening in Stajer's.

Had he been considered a likely bird for plucking his drinks would probably have been "doped" or drugged.

In Stajer's den not long ago an investigator who had purposely displayed a roll of bills was given a "knocker out." Fortunately the dose was so strong that it produced nausea and the intended victim escaped.

The "knocker out" is a rare sight.

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Tongues and heels hang about the entrance ready to follow their female accomplices, who lure drunken victims to dark alleys and streets to be assaulted and robbed.

Some of the intended victims are decoyed to houses of assignation where the less violent, but equally effective, pained game is won.

Until *The Evening World's* crusade began, the Bowery females were in the habit of securing their victims in the "orchestra," and when it closed at 1 A. M. taking them to Buttner's dive at 304 Bowery, where the peculiar arrangement of the rooms and passages enabled them to quickly rob their dupes and escape to the street.

Neither Stajer nor Buttner respect Sunday except as a day on which more "business" is done than ordinarily. Not content with running their nefarious dens six nights a week, they boldly throw their doors wide open on Sundays, too, and ribald talk, pro-

wholesale revocation of licenses may be confidently expected.

TWO NOTORIOUS DENS.

They Are on the Bowery, and Are Veritable Robbers' Roosts.

Among the few of New York's outlaws who still persist in setting public decency at defiance are two men whose places have just been brought to the attention of the Grand Jury. It is only a question of hours as to the time when these two men and some others will be brought up with a round turn.

This particular pair conduct places that have long been notorious. They are Ignatz Buttner, who holds the license for the "Orpheum Concert Hall" at 204 Bowery, and Louis Stajer, who runs the "Music Hall" at 255 Bowery.

Both these resorts are being investigated by the police at the request of the Excise Board, but this fact makes no apparent difference in the conduct of the proprietors. There may be "method in their madness," however, it is possible that, expecting the fate which overtook Mr. Billy McGilver and is now hovering over others of his ilk, they have determined to set upon the present as probably the last opportunity to fill their capacious coffers with ill-gotten gains.

Indeed, Mr. Ignatz Buttner has been known to have expressed this very intention in these words:

DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THE GRIFT WILL LAST.

"I'm here to make money. I don't know how long the grift will last, so I'm going to make it as fast as I can while I'm here, see?"

Mr. Ignatz Buttner might be called the King of Dive-Keepers if extensive possessions are any indication of outlaw royalty. He is popularly credited with running not only the "Orpheum" at 204 Bowery and the "Music Hall" at 255 Bowery, but also the "Peoples' Assembly Rooms," further down the street.

Most of Mr. Ignatz Buttner's time is said to be spent at 304 Bowery, of which resort Simon Buttner, a brother, is the nominal proprietor.

While Ignatz, who is also known as "Jim," holds the license for the "Orpheum," Simon Buttner is another brother, who for some occult reason is called by the name of Gombossy. A waiter in the den is authority for the statement that he is the same Gombossy who a year or two ago ran the "Orpheum," then known as the "Crystal," in such a lawless manner that he got in very bad odor with the city authorities.

Buttner, Stajer and one or two other outlaws of the Bowery class, and their place is a frequent sight to see a workman and his family gathered about a table, all enjoying for the cost of a few glasses of beer an entertainment that they could otherwise not afford to witness.

It is this class of resorts that Buttner, Stajer and others of their ilk claim to run when they make application for excise licenses and licenses to give stage performances, but the claim is a preposterous one.

BLINDS FOR DEPRIVACY AND VICIOUSNESS.

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The real attractions of Buttner's and Stajer's dens are the depraved women who swarm into them and lure the unwary to

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